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THURSDAY—Fair.

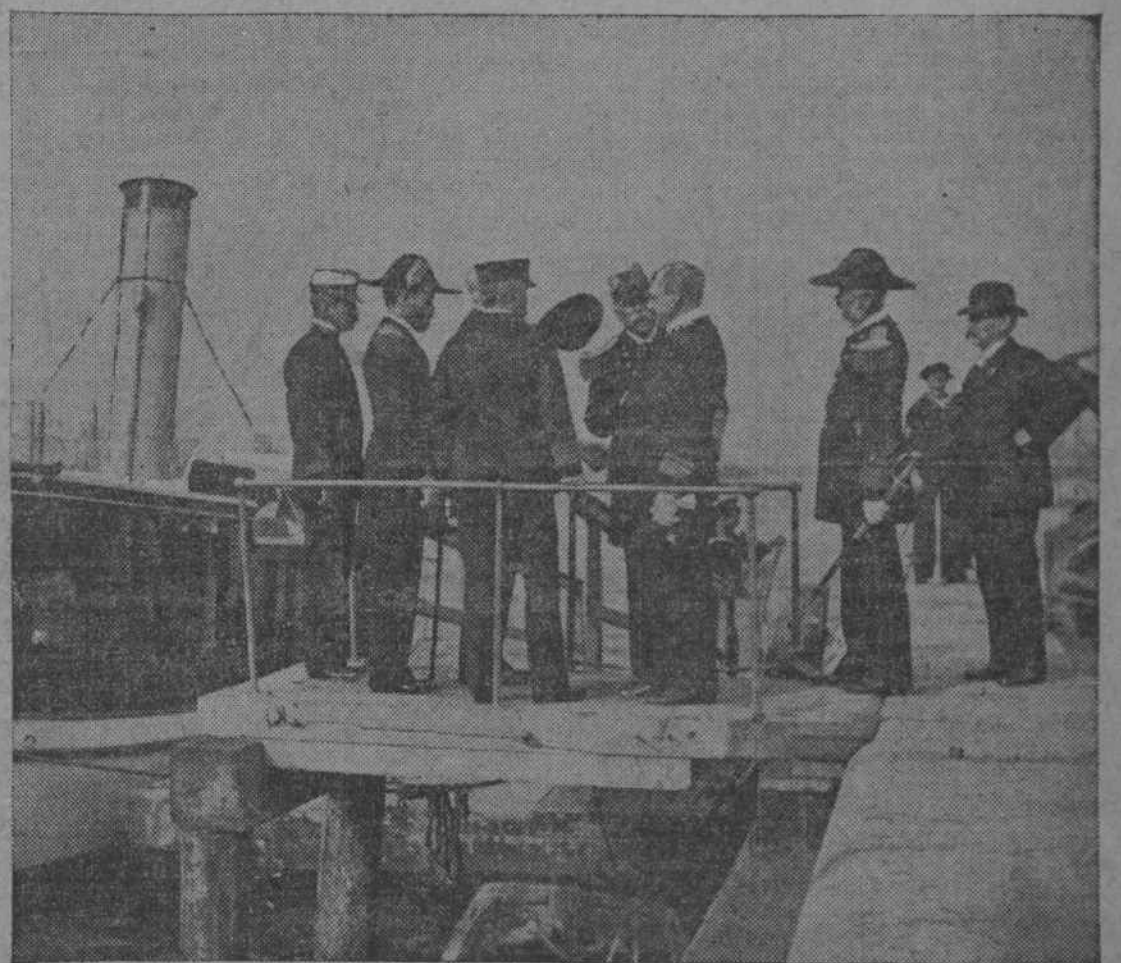
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THURSDAY—Fair. PRICE ONE CENT in Greater New York and Jersey City. TWO CENTS Elsewhere.

DEWEY PAYS TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN WIVES AND MOTHERS.



Marines Present Arms as the Admiral Goes Through the Navy Yard.



Admiral Dewey Greets Admiral Philip at the Nav Yard.

DEWEY'S DAY ONE OF SALUTES AND CALLS.

The Admiral Busy from the Time the Olympia Weighed Anchor Till He Sought Rest Late in the Afternoon.

It is estimated that there are one and a quarter millions of visitors in New York, and that by to-morrow morning there will be more than a million and a half people come to town to witness the Dewey celebration.

Admiral Dewey paid an official visit to the Navy Yard yesterday. This was the first time he set foot on American soil in two years.

The Admiral received a lion's share from Hagenbeck, a huge floral horseshoe from the schoolboys, a handsome cane and a hundred other packages of all sorts of presents. Many of these were valuable, but were simply brought or sent aboard the flagship without even a card to indicate their source.

Rear Admiral Howison's arrival on his flagship, the Chicago, changed the order of the parades a little. The Chicago will be the first sea ship in the naval pageant after the Olympia, taking precedence of the New York, and Admiral Howison will also go ahead of Admiral Sampson in the land parade.

The arch at Madison square is practically completed. From 10 o'clock in the morning until midnight there were never less than 10,000 people around it. It took one hundred policemen to keep the crowd moving.

This morning at 11 o'clock Mayor Van Wyck will make his official call on Admiral Dewey on the Olympia.

Governor Roosevelt will go aboard to give him the State's welcome, and there will also be a delegation from Washington headed by General Miles.

Fifteen hundred members of the Choral Union will go down the bay on the steamer Warwick this evening and serenade Admiral Dewey. They will sing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," the Hallelujah chorus from "The Messiah" and various patriotic songs.

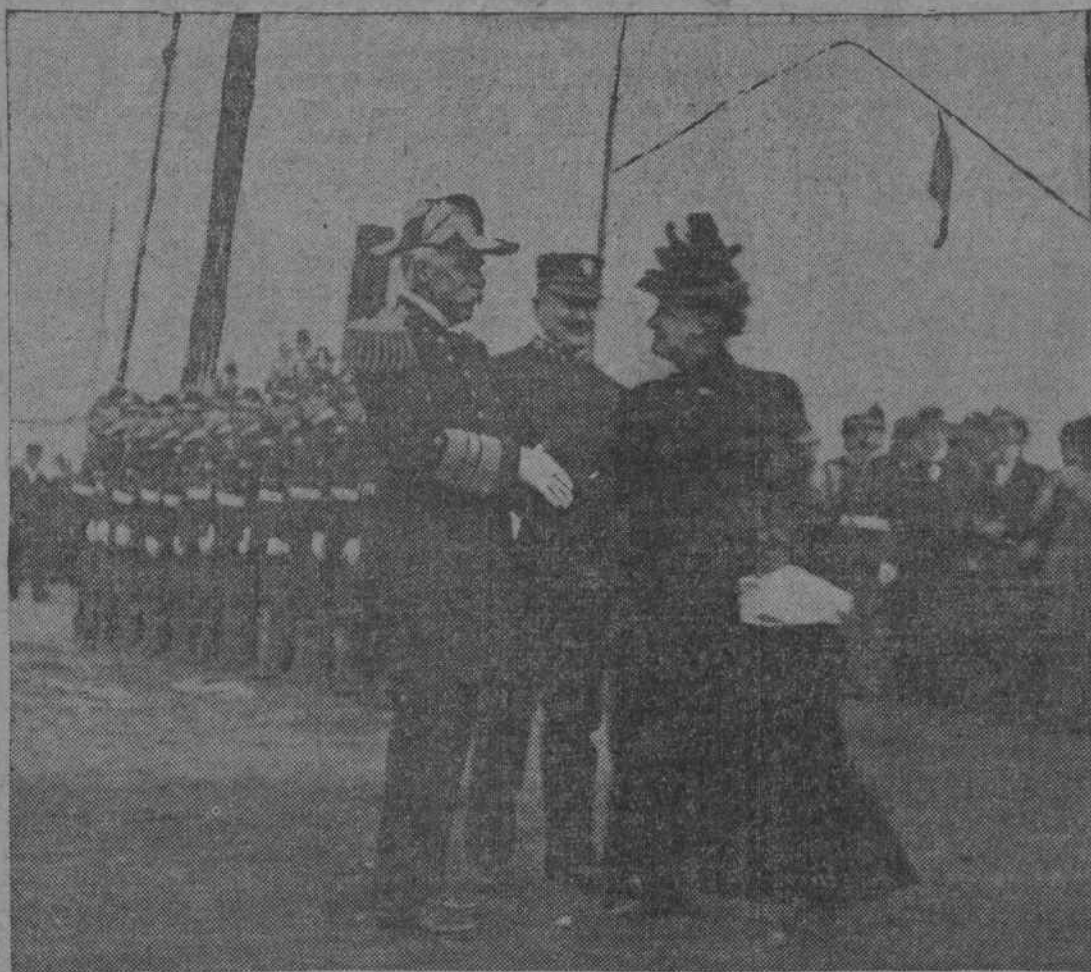
In yesterday's morning hours Admiral Dewey moved his war ship and all the heroes who sail in her up from the anchor age off the Southwest Spit to the head of the long line of white fighting machines which stretches along the Staten Island shore to the south of St. George.

It was a little journey in the world, but it brought the Admiral officially within the limits of New York and into the position of dominance in the celebration squadron, and the roaring of cannon which greeted him as he went fairly set the Staten Island hills to trembling.

He had passed a quiet night at the Hook, and was up in time to see the sun rise. Immediately after breakfast Assistant Secretary of the Navy Allen came on the Dolphin, representing the Secretary. At 8:25 o'clock, as he approached, the guard was mustered and a salute of thirteen guns was fired. The big Admiral's flag was run up, and the ships gotten under way.

Dewey Mounts the Bridge.
Donning his cap, the Admiral, with the Assistant Secretary, mounted the bridge. All the steamers and tugs in sight set up a whistling, and at a speed of eight knots the Olympia started up the bay. The first salute was fired from Fort Hamilton. Then Fort Wadsworth's guns took up the chorus. Stern of the Olympia, and abreast of each other, were the yachts Adele and Allene. All along the Staten Island shores, as the ship approached, were cheering crowds. The sailormen whose business it is to dip the flag were busy raising and lowering it in greeting.

On all the ships in the squadron the crews were drawn up on deck, and salutes were fired all down the line, gun for gun, vessel following another in a deafening succession, the old square-rigger *Luna* and the *Admiral* further," said Lieutenant



Woman Rushes Out of the Navy Yard Crowd to Greet Dewey.

Brumby. "He is very tired and he has a world of business to attend to. His correspondence, as I have reason to know, has been neglected ever since he arrived here, and he insists upon having some time to himself. Besides, he is not literally made of iron, you know."

By 6 o'clock nearly all the visitors had departed from the vessel, and the regulation quiet was restored. In the evening the ship's band gave a concert. This was the programme:

U. S. Flagship Olympia,
Tompkinsville, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1899.
PROGRAMME.
March—"Washington Post".....Soma.
Overture—"War Songs of the Blue".....Lansdowne.
Song—"Pine On the Glorious Stars and Stripes".....General.
Waltz—"Sole of the Shoe".....Mr. Valducci.
Selection—"La Gioconda".....Mrs. Valducci.
Retreat—"American Patrol".....Morcham.
Star-Spangled Banner.

BRIDGE READY TO FLASH A WELCOME.

Electric Illumination Will Be Tested This Morning—Two Great Search Lights.

The electric illumination, "Welcome Dewey," on the Bridge will be tested at 6 o'clock this morning. All of the thirty-six-foot letters were completed at 11 o'clock last night.

"It will be the biggest thing of its kind ever attempted," said Contractor Boyce. "If necessary we will be able to illuminate the letters to-morrow night or Friday night. I was bound to make a success of this job if I lost every dollar represented in the contract. The letters will be visible at night from Jersey or Staten Island."

Here are some interesting facts regarding the great sign: Incandescent lamps used, 8,000; height of poles on which letters are strung, 50 feet; length of wire used, five miles; block and fall scaffolds used, three; dynamo to supply current, two.

From the towers of the Bridge two great search lights, each of 100,000,000 candle power, will cast a flood of light up and down the river and across the bay to the Jersey shore. These lamps were maintained by the Government at Navesink until a few months ago. They have been loaned to the city by the Navy Yard authorities and will be operated at night by the Brooklyn Naval Reserve men.

ROOSEVELT PRAISES DEWEY AND HIMSELF.

Tells What He Did While Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Dewey and his characteristics was the subject of Governor Roosevelt's speech to 15,000 persons at the Mineola fair yesterday.

"We are all interested as Americans and as citizens in Admiral Dewey," he said. "The lesson we learn from his victory is to prepare beforehand for any battle. The preparations for his fight were commenced long before it took place, when Congress voted the money for our ships. The Governor at this point was greatly annoyed by the cameras that were being levelled at him from all sides by the company bands and their beaus. He stopped for a moment and said: 'I am having a

worse time with these cameras around here than I had at San Francisco."

"I was in the Navy Department," he declared, "when he was sent to the Eastern station. He was sent because we expected trouble. We wanted a man who, if the need came, would go ahead and do something. We didn't want a man who would ask many questions. We didn't want him to be telegraphing for instructions, but we wanted him to make his own plans, use his own judgment. We knew Dewey would do that. He wanted coal and he didn't telegraph about it. He got coal. While entirely cautious, it was necessary to have a man who was willing to take risks. Dewey knew that in himself he embodied all that was best and most glorious in the traditions of our glorious navy."

SNARL FROM THE BRITISH LION.

Jealousy of Our Prowess at Sea Prompts a Fling at Dewey.

London, Sept. 27.—The evening papers continue to be amused at Admiral Dewey's premature arrival at New York. The *St. James's Gazette* says:

Admiral Dewey must have heard rumors of the reception preparing for him, and very probably drew his own conclusions as to their appropriateness. Whatever the nation, which is totally unaccustomed to naval victories over an alien race, may think of the battle of Manila, the admiral who directed those very indecisive and thorough operations can have no illusions as to the value of the foe which was unable to prevent him from taking an overwhelming advantage. The New Yorkers were caught unprepared, as were the Spaniards at Cavite. Admiral Dewey is a smart fellow.

THE HERO'S TRIBUTE TO WIVES AND MOTHERS.

The Admiral Says the Words of Women Had Much to Do with the Bravery of the Sailors in the Battle of Manila.

"ADMIRAL DEWEY," I said, "I am proud to shake hands with the nation's hero."

He beamed on me so kindly, and I was so relieved to find that he was not "moody," that, woman-like, I shed a few big tears.

"Tut, tut, little woman," he said, and patted me on the shoulder. "Have you come to see my ship? I have been looking out over this squadron. Isn't it magnificent? And it's America's. America is proud of it, hey?"

"Yes," I answered, "and of the Admiral."

"Oh, pshaw! I don't amount to anything."

The delightful Admiral talked on in this strain, admiring and commenting until I suggested that I should like to talk business with him. He was ready. I told him I was from the Journal. He took me into his cabin. His son was there.

"George," he called.

"Yes, father!"

"That's my son. See, here's his picture. Fine boy!"

Mr. Brumby followed us into the cabin.

"Brumby, this little woman wants me to tell her my opinion of women and their influence over men. What shall I tell her?"

"Better answer yourself, sir."

"This is what women think of me," said the Admiral, dryly, and showed me a huge bouquet while his eyes twinkled with laughter and good nature.

"Here is something that will interest you," he added. He called a Chinese ward-room boy. "Bring out the baby lion."

The boy brought the cub to us. It was larger than a good-sized cat. The Admiral handed it to me. I took it in my arms and rubbed its soft fur against my cheek. It was as gentle as a kitten. The Admiral fondled it and handed it back to the boy.

"You know we have a pig on board, too," he said. "It was Spanish, but we have converted it into a 'Yankee pig.' The men call it 'Sagasta.'"

"But about women," I suggested.

"Oh, you didn't see this," was the Admiral's only reply. "This is about women."

He held up a sombrero, covered with cock feathers.

"Now wouldn't that interest a woman who was looking for new fashions?" The Admiral's eyes still twinkled.

"And here are my photos. Are they not pretty?"

"They are pretty," I answered, "but—"

"But you want to know my opinion of women. Well, I am a true sailor."

The Admiral was grave at once. "I am a true sailor and so think all women are perfect."

"My wife died many years ago, but there are men on this ship that went away to fight with bright, courageous words spoken to them by mothers or wives that have helped them through the fight more than anything else."

"I have brave men under me. Men with plenty of grit and nerves of iron. I thank the mothers of these men, for I think they have made my sea-dogs what they are. God bless all women!"

The Admiral's handsome face, bronzed by tropical seas and hardened by war, was tender and grave. I thanked him for his kindness to me during the interview and said good night. Before I left he gave to me a mauser bullet dated Manila, August 13, 1898.

"Maybe you wouldn't care to have this," he said, in his modest way. I did care to have it, though, and I always shall prize it. I left the Olympia in a rowboat. As we rowed to Tompkinsville I looked back at the grand old squadron that seemed as peaceful as a group of huge white doves. Magnificent ships! Dewey is right. America is and should be proud of her "White Squadron."

NORA DONLY